New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Who Will Sign?

The problem in Berlin to-day is to find a Cabinet which will accept the Allied reparation ultimatum. Germany hates to admit either the fact of defeat or the consequences of defeat. Ebert said to the German troops when they entered Berlin after the armistice: "You have come back unbeaten." At Versailles Graf Brockdorff-Rantzau, the leader of the German delegation, assumed the rôle of the horse who was led to the water but who couldn't be made to drink. He threw up his commission and the obscure Herr Müller signed in his stead.

Fehrenbach and Simons played fast and loose with their reparation policy. Simons made speeches at home which justified the parties of the Right in charging that his ridiculous offer to the Allies at London went too far. From the very favorable impression which he had previously made on Lloyd George it is evident that he knew that he wasn't going far enough. He had to contend with the German conviction that Germany oughtn't to be asked either to admit her war guilt or to atone for it. He had also to contend with the hard reality that Germany had pledged payment to the Allies and that France, at least, was prepared, in a military sense, to enforce liquidation.

The Fehrenbach ministry has resigned in order to escape a disagreeable duty and maintain a show of political consistency. German statesmen are highly punctilious about avoiding the appearance of admitting the inviolability of the Versailles settlement. If the government must yield to force it prefers to camouflage the surrender a little by changing its personnel. A new Cabinet will sign and probably try to exculpate itself later in the eyes of the German public by quarreling with the Allies over the execution of the agreement.

Who heads the new German ministry is of little consequence, except to the casuistical German politicians. New names will be subscribed to the answer to the ultimatum. New German guaranties will probably be given. But whether the reply is an acceptance or a refusal, German policy and the unrepentant mood behind it will remain the same. The mood, not the signature, is the basic fact with which Allied policy will have to reckon. Müller signed the treaty, but Berlin began contesting its provisions even before the ink on the document was dry.

Printed, Not Published

Under the Duell act it is expected the state will save hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly in its printing bills. Much greater similar savings might be effected by the national government and at the same time cause an increase in the practical value of public documents.

Yet never was there a time when the need of better information concerning public affairs was greater. The newspapers no longer find it practical to give complete reports. Other claims on their space are too insistent; the vast business of government is too complicated. What is needed is not merely a reduction in the quantity of public documents, but an improvement in their quality. Public men with justice complain that their constituents are not well informed and often, therefore, judge erroneously.

Brother Bryan was not altogether wild when he suggested an official bulletin to be mailed free to all applicants.

Over in New Jersey they once tried the plan of having a State Editor of Reports. It is not reported that he ever greatly justified his existence by results. During the war the Wilson Administration placed large sums at the disposal of a committee on public information. But, unfortunately, it had in Mr. Creel a chief more interested in propagating particular ideas than in being a fair and colorless reporter. These failures, however, do not prove that the idea is impractical. An expert impartial editing of public documents of all kinds ought to be able to reduce expenses and at the same time increase utility.

The Deficit Makers

The World says that Secretary Mellon's letter to the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee forecasts "not less but more taxation." It adds: "He (the Secretary) is confronting the certainty of a deficit which promises to be not less than $500,000,000 under the naval and military policy now fast developing in Congress."

That charge is without foundation. If there is a deficit of $500,000,000 in 1921-'22 it will not be because of "the naval and military policy now fast developing in Congress." There would have been a deficit for 1921-'22, not of $500,000,000, but of $1,250,000,000, if the last Administration had been allowed to have its way. Mr. Wilson's department and bureau chiefs submitted estimates totaling $5,259,000,000. Congress cut them down to $3,806,000,000—a saving of $1,453,000,000.

What is there to the accusation that Congress is developing a new policy of military extravagance? Secretary Baker put in an army estimate for 1921-'22 of $699,000,000. Congress granted only $346,000,000. President Wilson killed the army appropriation act by a pocket veto, apparently because it ran counter to Mr. Baker's inflated ideas. Secretary Daniels asked for $679,000,000. The naval appropriation bill, as it passed the House, carried only $396,000,000. The session ended before this bill had been acted on in the Senate.

The army bill total and the total of the naval bill, as it passed the House, were included in the official tabulation of appropriations made at the last session. These amounted to $3,806,000,000 — about $200,000,000 less than the revenue of $4,000,000,000 estimated for 1921-'22.

At this session the House has repassed the naval bill with a slightly reduced total. It is also paring down the army bill. Should the Senate add nearly $100,000,000 to the naval bill, as it did last winter, a compromise in conference will be necessary. Allowing a probable increase over the House figures, the net addition to the appropriations for 1921-'22 would hardly be more than $50,000,000—leaving them still $150,000,000 within the estimated revenue.

If any deficit is threatened for the next fiscal year the threat is due to deficiencies which the last Administration rolled up. President Harding recently estimated these overdrafts on the Treasury at $216,000,000. Mr. Baker defied Congress and ran his department deeply into debt. Railroad Administration and Shipping Board mismanagement added other liabilities. It is ridiculous to blame this Congress or the last Congress for deficits resulting from Wilson Administration blunders. Congress tried to pinion the spenders. But it had no aid from the White House. President Harding has now ordered all department and bureau heads to live within their allotments, and one of the waste holes in the fiscal system has at last been plugged. The budget law will be another restraint on extravagance.

The World says, scornfully: "The Republican promise was reduced taxation." That promise will be made good. The chief remaining obstruction to its prompt fulfillment is the maturing of the last Administration's unauthorized I O Us.

Crown Princes in Motion

Last year a handsome, well mannered young man, the eldest son of the King of England, visited America, stretching his legs in the outer world, after the cramping days of war. To the United States he brought a personal message of friendliness born of his contact with the A. E. F. in France.

The example of the Prince of Wales seems to have started the other crown princes into motion. The heirs to the thrones of Sweden, Spain, Denmark, Belgium, Greece and Rumania have figured in travel news. So has the Crown Prince of Japan, and Humbert of Italy says he would like to accompany General Armando Diaz, commander in chief of the Italian armies, on his visit to President Harding in the fall.

Only one crown prince remains in stagnation vile—young Mr. Hohenzollern, heir to Doorn. Honors are paid to all but him. His appearance in a foreign capital would bring the police hurrying.

Karl Hapsburg has made a plea that the crown of Hungary be given his young son under the present regency. Manuel, formerly of Portugal, has lived so long in England that his crown prince is now an English boy. England is also likely to remain the refuge indeterminately for Regnier de Bourbon, the elder of the Bourbon princes, whose photograph in Belgian uniform holding the sword and breastplate of Joan of Arc appeared in a recent photogravure section. Yet it was Napoleon, not the Bourbons, that France has recently been honoring.

The crown princes, actual and aspirant, should pay heed to the careers of the one very naughty crown prince and his wicked father. Make up your minds, boys, to emulate the good temper of Edward of Wales, even as you are imitating his globe trotting. You are going to meet a lot of nice, interesting people. Listen to them, thoughtfully as well as courteously. You are due to acquire many helpful ideas that did not occur to the tutors of the royal household. But have a good time, too, for you are of the vanishing substance of pre-democratic days, and you never can tell.

The State's Feeble-Minded

The state's institutions can accommodate only half of the state's feeble-minded who need institutional care. The four state schools now care for about 5,000, but accommodations for approximately 5,000 more are needed. The total number of mental defectives in New York State is about 40,000, but only one-fourth require institutional care.

Despite financial pressure, all of the state schools for defectives increased their capacity slightly last year, but they are still crowded. The chief gain has been in the establishment of farm and industrial colonies. Letchworth Village in Rockland County, when finished, will accommodate from 2,500 to 3,000. Heretofore there has been no special institution for the male feeble-minded with criminal tendencies or who have actually come in conflict with the law, but an act passed at the recent session of the Legislature authorized the use of the former reformatory at Napanoch for this purpose. Similar provision for women has been made at the Bedford Reformatory. These things will mean a great saving to taxpayers, who now pay heavily for the failure to discover and to keep in custody the irresponsible.

"To make suitable provisions in schools, institutions, social welfare work, etc., for all the defectives in the state is a great and complicated problem which will take years to perfect," the report says, "but it is entirely possible for the state to take control immediately of defective delinquents, chronic recidivists, who play so large a part in the criminal annals of the community, and whose recurring trials cost the state $1,000 apiece. . . . Obviously, there is no place for them in state institutions for the non-criminal mental defective. As things now are, on reaching the age limit the boys are discharged from the reformatories, and on termination of sentences are discharged from the prisons. Thus, every year are set loose proved criminals, gunmen, thieves, firebugs, vagabonds of all kinds who can never be anything else."

The public under the dominion of old ideas insists on a sentimental rather than a scientific treatment of the feeble-minded. They are allowed to propagate and to pass their poison into the population. But even from the sentimental point of view the state is only half intelligent and fails to effect the cures and to maintain the safeguards the medical faculty asks for. Immense is the labor done, but the evil is not stayed because the custodial guardianship provided is not enough to complete the job.

Fabricated Education

Fabricated schools are the latest invention from the fertile brain of H. G. Wells. Fresh from his joy ride through the panorama of mankind, he conceives the delightful idea of educating all mankind—not just his own child and the neighbor's child and the children of Englishmen and Americans and Frenchmen, but of all the world. This can only be done on a quantity scale, as Henry Ford produces automobiles; for education under the present system is so expensive that only the richest communities and nations have any sort of education at all, and even that is increasingly menaced by the high cost of living.

Mr. Wells believes, however, that by quantity production of books and maps and by making the teachers of genius serve the whole race, instead of merely the best private schools, the question of expense can be solved, also the question of inferior teachers. Almost any teacher can turn on the educational film and the French talking machine.

"I want to see," he writes in The Saturday Evening Post, "the sort of thing happen to schools that has already happened to many sorts of retail shops. In the place of little, ill-equipped schools, each run by its own teacher and buying its own books and diagrams and materials, and so forth, in small quantities at high prices, I want to see a great central organization, employing teachers of genius, working in consultation and coöperation, and producing lesson-notes, diagrams, films, phonograph records, cheaply, abundantly, on a big scale for a nation or a group of nations, or, if you like, for all the world, just as America produces watches and alarm clocks and cheap automobiles for all the world. And I want to see the schools of the world run, so far as the intellectual training goes, not by the local committees, but by that central organization."

Mr. Wells believes that by this system of fabricated schools he can eliminate waste, not only for the taxpayers but for the child. Given the best and cheapest books and motion pictures and maps, the child can learn in the six or ten years of his schooling not only his own language but three or four others and the key to several more, so that he can converse with the natives wherever he may happen to travel. He would include in this educational roadster a deeper insight into mathematics and a "sound knowledge of universal history and a knowledge of general physical and biological science."

It will be interesting to watch the reaction of American educators to this theory, so opposed to the present tendency of educational reform in this country. We may have come to take pride in our fabricated ships, in our standardized alarm clocks and automobiles, but we are becoming increasingly distrustful of mass education. More and more we insist on small classes, small colleges and the desirability of a more fluctuating school system which will meet the varying needs of individual children. Will the school book published for the children of the world meet the needs of our own little nephew who shows such unusual intelligence? Will the most expensive motion picture production of Cæsar's bridge building equal in dramatic quality the willow bridges as toilfully erected by the boys of Gopher Prairie High School?

The Quantity of Trade

The Federal Reserve Board now measures the volume of foreign trade, as contrasted with its dollar value, by a system of index numbers.

Taking twenty-nine important representative articles, it figures out the value of current imports and exports at 1913 prices. The comparison for March, 1921, with the same month in 1920, 1919 and 1913 is as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
March, 1913 .	$114,686,000	$102,215,000
" 1919..	162,716,000	135,405,000
" 1920..	248,534,000	164,512,000
" 1921..	174,184,000	116,126,000

This table is rather surprising, especially its evidence that the volume of imports is up more than the volume of exports. The rest of the world, particularly Europe, has been presented as lacking goods to ship, yet it appears that in pounds and bushels 50 per cent more were sent to us in March, 1921, than in March, 1913. That which has built up the great export balances in dollars is the greater relative increase in articles of American production.

Better Park Protection

Something Radical Must Be Done to Prevent Vandalism

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Concerning park vandalism, you ask what is to be done. Of course it is now too late, but it is to be regretted that the bill to authorize a park force, apart from the city organization of police, has not become a law. Some of our civic organizations should appeal to our next Legislature to pass a law to protect the parks from the ruinous neglect, largely due to inefficient caretaking. That such legislation is needed long has been obvious to all order-loving citizens.

The park keeping force was organized by Mr. Olmsted, as a result of careful examination and study of methods prevailing in Great Britain and the Continent, for the care and protection of the parks and forest reservations; the latter being open often, for public recreation. The park-keeper worked successfully and efficiently for many years, both in New York and in Brooklyn, and I think in some other cities as well, until the intrusion of political interference in park control.

In the early days the system had the hearty support in New York of such men as R. M. Blatchford, Charles H. Russell, John A. C. Gray, Andrew H. Green and associate commissioners, and in Brooklyn that of J. S. T. Stranahan, A. A. Low, A. B. Bayliss, I. H. Prentice, Seymour L. Husted and others. Charles A. Dana and Henry J. Raymond were among those who approved this force.

Something radical must be done in anticipation of the approaching season's greater demand for ample and intelligent protection against thoughtless and often vicious misuse of the parks. The only resource in sight, apparently, is to reorganize the present system and give greater recognition to the park commission's right to dispose of and control the needed force. To save the darling theory of consistency, why not appoint one of the park commission a special deputy police commissioner, without salary, so that there may be no hard feelings, but a great public benefit attained?

JOHN Y. CULYER.

New York, May 7, 1921.

Longed-For Headlines

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In your issue of May 3, in big letters topping four columns, "Hughes Asks New Berlin Offer" (asks, mind you). In smaller letters below, topping one column, "Hughes Sharply Orders Panama to Obey Award."

This juxtaposition is eloquent of the attitude of our government: the stern, unbending front for the mite of a fellow who lays his hand on a bit of neighboring soil, and distinguished consideration, with affable dickering, for the big, brutal, whining bully who reached out to grab the whole earth.

No words can express one's weariness, disgust, indignation and horror at this long-drawn-out trifling!

"France in Full Possession of the Ruhr!"

"With Approval of Lloyd George and U. S."

When these words top your columns we shall be able to breathe freely.

E. B. CAMPBELL.

New York, May 6, 1921.

A British Need

(From the Washington Star)

His work would be wonderfully facilitated if some of our great immaterialistic philosophers could devise a plan to enable Lloyd George to be in several places at the same time.

The Conning Tower

"No more substitutes. The cherry made famous by the cocktail," says President Hutchinson, of the National Association of Master Pie Bakers, "is now to be found in the cherry pie." What, Prexy Hutchinson, do you mean "no more substitutes"? If ever there was a synthetic fruit, it was the cocktail cherry. A pie made of cocktail cherries is even less edible than one made of cranberries and gelatine.

Doubtless a wiser and a more conscientious paragrapher exists than the anonymous gentleman who spills "The State's Survey" for The Columbia, S. C., State; but the paper whose staff has him doesn't come to our exchange desk.

Gotham Gleanings

—Geoffrey Parsons of Rye and family will sail for France Thursday.

—Prof. Broun is some better from his bronchial indisposition.

—Crosby Gaige was to Chicago one day last week.

—Geo. Harvey has gone to London.

—Fred Keppel was a pleasant caller last wk. and sailed for Europe Sat.

—Grant Rice and wife and John N. Wheeler and wife sailed for Europe last Tues.

—Mrs. Sarah Victor the far famed lemon meringue pie builder will transfer her art to Sag Harbor next week.

—Burton Roscoe has made Gotham his abode. Welcome to our borough, Burt.

—Marc Connelly and mother have moved into their town house overlooking Central Park. "And that's all it overlooks," commented M. C., who has his lighter side, too.

—Herb Swope's office no longer looks into ours, Herb's being up on the 12th floor. The World has had this "beat" since last November, but as usual Gotham Gleanings prints the big news first.

That day whose l. d. sun sees not the word "spurn" used in a headline may be counted lost; but, though we listen to dozens of conversations a week, we never have heard anybody use it.

The Euphuistic Press

Sir: I, too, like to know the President's taste in plays, but Will A. Page can be thankful he doesn't have to read the newspapers where I come from. I won't mention the city by name, as it is only 90 miles away, but when Jim Benn, city editor of The North American, was made public service commissioner, the story I read referred to him as "James S. Benn, a Philadelphia newspaper man." And when an evening paper owned by a w. k. magazine publisher there—I won't mention its name—printed the story of Mr. Shubert's thousand dollar offer to Dorothy Miller recently, his identity was concealed under "a theatrical magnate"—that is, until Mr. Shubert's representative protested, after which his name was printed in later editions. And only last Monday I read about a woman who, disagreeing with her husband, was about to appear in the chorus of "a musical comedy" opening that night. Gilbert Seldes, in his theater column in The Public Ledger, told three Sundays in succession of various phases of the Drama League's near-ban on Charles Gilpin, but nowhere was it stated that he was a negro, from which I gather the paper's rule is never to use that word—perhaps they don't want to give the race free advertising.

BAMBY.

Last year Mr. Arthur Ellis, an official hangman in Canada, made $12,500; and the story says the income tax took a large part of it. It occurs to us that Ellis might have deducted most of it for overhead.

The Nativity of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt

Dear Sir: In your column of April 30th issue there is a letter by a Mrs. T. F. Chatman, copied from Adrian (Mich.) Telegram in which she speaks of "The Nativity of Divine Sarah" as happening in Struthers, O.

That was a big surprise to me. I looked it up in Students' Encyclopedia—they give the birthplace as Paris, educated in a Versailles convent.

I can't believe any one living in the United States until eighteen years old could ever forget the language as Mme. Bernhardt did.

MAY NASH.

When Miss Blanche Yurka, who may be recalled as the only American actress who ever brought a silver tissue blouse, with high collar, to this country, attended the Ramsey Street School, St. Paul, Minn., she sang:

Old Jack Frost is a roguish little fellow.
When the wintry winds begin to bellow,
He flies like a bird right through the air,
And he nips little fingers everywhere.

The Prosy Advertiser

Sir: The blank verse advertiser is loose again. These from the Satevepost:

Designs that graced	Collegian Clothes
Justinian's shrine	Keep you looking your best
Endure to-day	At a cost per year
In Wadsworth cases.	That is very low.

Why not?

Designs of rare	Collegian Coat
Justinian graces	And trousers and vest
Endure to-day	At a low yearly cost
In Wadsworth Cases.	Keep you looking your best.

J. H. A.

Celebration of the Victories of France to Occur With Hoch Present.—Evening World headline.

Insidious propaganda? asks Ram's Eye, or a type error? And if the latter, did they mean "Foch" or "Hooch"?

From Army Orders: Smoke, Major, S. A., to Kansas City. Coals to Newcastle, we'll t. the w.

Among our ambitions is one to play poker with a telephone operator, and hold three tens against her th-r-r-ree ay-uns.

F. P. A.

FAST STANDS AND SURE THE WATCH—THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

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Books

By Heywood Broun

After a long absence our old fictional friend the star reporter who helps to solve the murder has turned up again in Isabel Ostrander's novel The Crimson Blotter (McBride). Like all the star reporters of whom we have ever read, he resorts upon occasion to disguise, but his method is much simpler than usual. Indeed, we have grave fears as to its effectiveness. The revelation that Peter Sayre has taken up the trail of the mystery came on page 29, when his roommate discovered that he had left his regular reporting clothes on the bed and put on his "disreputable old brown suit which he still donned occasionally when out for information from the rougher element of society and in which he took unfeigned comfort and satisfaction."

Sitting here in the city room of The Tribune, it appears to us as if an epidemic of murders must have broken loose. Everybody within sight seems to be dressed to investigate a mystery. We could go, too, only our old and disreputable suit is gray instead of brown, and that would never do to fool the rougher element.

Sayre wore no whiskers or used anything else to conceal the fact that he was a reporter. In the old brown suit nobody ever took him for a reporter. By announcing that he wanted a job as a stable boy he obtained easy access to the house where the murder was to be committed, and when it happened he was one of the first to break into the room. Seward Moberley sat at his desk as if he were asleep. He wasn't. He was dead. It must have been evident to Sayre and to the detectives, who arrived a little later, that here was a crime committed by no ordinary criminal. Mr. Moberley had been stabbed. The weapon was in his chest, but it was not a paper knife.

There really ought to be some such paper in New York as The Dispatch (always referred to in the conversation of the characters as "the old Dispatch"). There was never any pressure of haste in working for the old Dispatch. After the murder, for instance, which occurred a little after midnight, Sayre hung about the mansion and interviewed the servants and swapped theories with the detectives. Several chapters later on he decided that he had better telephone to the office, which he did. Nobody else in the city had heard about the crime. Sayre had a clean "beat" and the city editor, instead of telling him to follow up the story, immediately gave him a leave of absence. Naturally Sayre used it for no trivial pleasure, but had an important part to play in tracking down the criminals.

The Dispatch was an ideal newspaper in every way, for after referring to the "morgue" of the old Dispatch the author explains:

"The 'morgue' at the newspaper office was the department where the life history and deeds of people prominent in all phases of the city's existence were kept tabulated and strictly up to date in readiness for their demise and promptly subsequent obituaries."

That's the theory of it, we understand, but the envelopes you want are the ones which have been lost, and we have never known a morgue which wasn't just a little weak on all events occurring later than the autumn of 1886.

The Crimson Blotter is readable and now and again spirited in its excitement, but it follows a formula not unfamiliar to readers of detective fiction. It is a tale in which the man from headquarters behaves like an imbecile right up to the last chapter. The criminals fool him at every turn. Just when you have despaired of him he suddenly steps forward and shows that he knows everything about the crime and the criminals down to the most minute details. It seems that he knew it all the time. Of course, it is a little ungrateful to complain of this. Apparently he held his peace in order to give the reader a run for his money. If he had been any more articulate the yarn might never have progressed beyond page 82, which would not do at all.

The only justified complaint which we have against this particular detective, and others like him, is that he never tells you in any comprehensible fashion just how he discovered all his facts. They came to him, for anything more illuminating in his explanation, by sheer intuition. The reader must take them in the same way.

Arthur Ruhl has been away from active newspaper work long enough now to begin to feel sentimental about copy-readers. We never knew a reporter to speak well of living and active copy-readers, but he always has a good word to say for those of yesteryear. Writing in Leslie's Ruhl says:

"Six Irishmen are hanged in Ireland while twenty thousand people pray for their souls outside the prison walls.

"The task presented to the copy-reader who has to write a head for this dispatch would seem to be simple. The 'news' is the fact that six men were hanged; the dramatic 'angle' that a vast crowd gathered outside the prison to pray for the men about to be executed.

"The most direct, as well as the obviously dramatic statement is 'Six Sinn Féiners Hanged While 20,000 Pray.' Yet we find the head writer of one of New York's most intelligent papers maundering something about 'throng outside prison walls,' and leaving out the 'pray' altogether!

"They ordered things better than this in the days of the old Sun, before schools of journalism were ever heard of. The Sun once printed a five-line item about the overflowing of several barrels of molasses in a sub-cellar in the wholesale grocery section of New York. It was headed simply—'Sweet and Low.'

"What has become of the head writers of those days—men who went at their work with an artist's touch and an artist's seriousness? It takes love and care to think up heads like that and then tuck them away in some all-but-forgotten corner of the paper. Art for art's sake."

"Railroad" Extravagance

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Like the good Homer, even the astute leaders of rail labor have been caught napping. When they accused the managers of the roads of extravagance they failed to cite an instance that is at once obvious and convincing. Every line is designated as a railroad instead of a railway. Of course the superfluous letter hardly signifies in a single case, but the painting, printing, drawing, typing and writing for all of the roads must naturally run to astronomical figures. Perhaps the managers may have side interests in painting, printing and paper companies, and some of them may even have taken a flyer in stylographic pens.

HOWARD COGHILL.

New York, May 7, 1921.

Veterans' Preference

Do American Legion Members Favor Civil Service Amendment?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The so-called veterans' preference amendment to the civil service article of the constitution of the state received the approval of the Legislature for the second time during the closing hours of the last sessions and now goes to the people at the next general election for ratification or rejection.

It would be easy to demonstrate that the veterans' preference amendment would discriminate against the very men to whom all hearts go out—the wounded and disabled soldiers. They would be overwhelmed and forgotten in the crowd of 450,000 uninjured "veterans," many of whom never got within sound of the guns and some of whom never got nearer the battle line that a students' training camp.

It was said that this preference in appointment and promotion, without regard to standing on an eligible list, was demanded by the American Legion. It would be interesting to know how near the truth this is. It certainly will come as a shock to many people who have thought of those young men who made up our national army, and especially of that fine body of officers trained at the Plattsburg camps, as exemplifying the finest traditions of American spirit and sportsmanship, to learn that they are insistent upon a purely arbitrary advantage over their fellow citizens who, through no fault of their own, were unable to fight. Is it conceivable that any red-blooded young American would accept appointment to a clerkship or a teacher's position over a woman who served as a nurse in the hospitals in France and who stood higher on the eligible list than he?

Are there very many "honorably discharged" soldiers and sailors in the State of New York who, having got an appointment to the police force of New York City, would accept promotion to a higher rank over patrolmen who had served faithfully on the force for many years and had obeyed the commands of their superior officers to remain at their posts during the war?

Is there any member of the Legion more deserving of promotion than that brave patrolman John H. Conk—all honor to him!—who died this week from injuries received while attempting to stop a runaway horse in Brooklyn which was jeopardizing the lives of a score or more school children, and whose dying wish was to be buried in the Soldiers' Cemetery, because he had always wanted to be a soldier, but had been prevented by his duty as a policeman? It would be interesting to know how representative members of the American Legion feel about this measure.

ELBRIDGE L. ADAMS.

New York, May 7, 1921.

Italy for Tourists

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: There still appears to be an idea in America that travel in Italy is unsafe and uncomfortable. It is neither. Italy at present is a pleasant country for tourists. It is not overcrowded; there is plenty of food; the people are civil and well behaved. Americans are warmly welcomed, and there are no drawbacks to a full enjoyment of Italian scenery and climate. Exchange is tempting and prices reasonable.

WALTER PHELPS DODGE.

Amalfi, Italy, April 21, 1921.